



PE-RU-NA STRENGTHENS THE ENTIRE SYSTEM.

Mr. Chas. L. Sauer, Grand Scribe, Grand Encampment I. O. O. F. of Texas, and Assistant City Auditor, writes from the City Hall, San Antonio, Tex.:

"Nearly two years ago I accepted a position as secretary and treasurer with one of the leading dry goods establishments of Galveston, Tex."

"The sudden change from a highland dry altitude to sea level proved too much for me and I became afflicted with catarrh and cold in the head, and general debility to such an extent as to almost incapacitate me for attending to my duties."

"I was induced to try Peruna, and after taking several bottles in small doses I am pleased to say that I was entirely restored to my normal condition and have ever since recommended the use of Peruna to my friends."

DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHY.

Most of us have trouble to lend. Love will find a way, even a way out.

Fortune doesn't always smile on the funny man. Success is doing a thing before some one else does it.

Marriage is the gateway from romance to reality. Fortune never knocks at some doors because it can't get by the janitor.

It doesn't pay to go entirely on the theory that things go by contraries. The woman who dresses better than her friends will never be popular with them.

Those who have greatness thrust upon them seldom know what to do with it.

The fool and his money are what keep the rest of us from starving to death.

Riches have wings, but they are not the kind of wings that are fashionable in heaven.

Lots of wives never understand why their husbands should need any spending money.

Some men are so fond of sympathy that they actually glory in being the under dog.

If a man would only pay his debts as promptly as his grudges his credit would be better.

When a girl begins to ask a fellow about his life insurance, the rest ought to be easy.

Sacrifice Made by Judge. Justice Holmes, of the supreme court, in order that he may preserve his mind free from distractions of information and misinformation that would impair his efficiency and wisdom as a jurist, does not allow himself to read the newspapers.

DOCTOR'S SHIFT.

Now Gets Along Without It.

A physician says: "Until last fall I used to eat meat for my breakfast and suffered with indigestion until the meat had passed from the stomach."

"Last fall I began the use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast and very soon found I could do without meat, for my body got all the nourishment necessary from the Grape-Nuts, and since then I have not had any indigestion and am feeling better and have increased in weight."

"Since finding the benefit I derived from Grape-Nuts I have prescribed the food for all of my patients suffering from indigestion or over-feeding and also for those recovering from disease where I want a food easy to take and certain to digest and which will not overtax the stomach."

"I always find the results I look for when I prescribe Grape-Nuts. For ethical reasons please omit my name." Name given by mail by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The reason for the wonderful amount of nutriment, and the easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is not hard to find.

In the first place, the starchy part of the wheat and barley goes through various processes of cooking, to perfectly change the starch into Dextrose or Post Sugar, in which state it is ready to be easily absorbed by the blood. The parts in the wheat and barley which Nature can make use of for rebuilding brain and nerve centers are retained in this remarkable food, and thus the human body is supplied with the powerful strength producers so easily noticed after one has eaten Grape-Nuts each day for a week or 10 days. "There's a reason."

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

THE SPARROWS' HOUSE

By JOSEPH BAUGHER

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There was absolutely no reason why we should move; we were living in an up-to-date house in an excellent neighborhood. But Alice, my wife, thought differently, and as she was bent upon making a change, I consented on condition that she should do her own house-hunting.

"Oh, James!" she cried, as she met me one evening with a five-year lease in her hand. "I've found such a charming little home, and in such a delightful location; it's so cultured and refined, you know. I am so glad on Henry Jr.'s account, for you know that Henry Jr. is getting on."

The youth referred to had not turned 14 months.

"I leased the house from a Miss Sparrow—such a superior woman!" continued my wife; "so much nicer, don't you think, than renting from those horrid agents who will never do a thing for one without making a fuss about it. Miss Sparrow says she couldn't think of giving us so charming a little home, but her sister Amy is to be married next month, poor girl! and she, Miss Sparrow, of course, doesn't care to live alone."

I offered no objections, but suggested that she should write to her Uncle Henry, for whom Henry Jr. was named, and request him to postpone his visit until we were thoroughly settled in our new home. She indignantly refused, saying that her uncle had grown very irritable and suspicious of late, and he might think we didn't want him, and that she wasn't going to have Henry Jr.'s prospects ruined by any such insane notions. My wife's uncle, an asthmatic, wealthy old bachelor, was strongly prejudiced against me, because his niece had married me when he had hoped she would nurse him in his declining years.

The night of the first of the following month found us in our new home, and excepting that a shower of prisms fell from the parlor chandelier when I lighted the gas, the evening had, so far, passed off without incident.

My wife's uncle arrived in the worst of humors; his train, being three hours late, didn't pull in until almost midnight. He drew back from me suspiciously when I offered to take his valise, and glared at me savagely over his glasses, thoroughly convinced, no doubt, that to a conspiracy on my part was due the accident to his train.

My wife, not a little hurt when her effusive greeting met with a rebuff, said she was sorry little Henry had gone to bed, for she would so like to have her uncle Henry see his little namesake. Whereupon he somewhat gruffly inquired whether Henry Jr. had any intention of absconding before morning.

Crestfallen, and worn out after a hard day's work we went to bed, but I had hardly closed my eyes when I felt myself suddenly aroused. "James," whispered my wife, in trembling tones, "what is that noise?" "Only water running next door," I replied drowsily, and turned over to sleep again.

"Water next door! Why, James, it's in this very room. Listen!" I got up and plainly heard the sound, but couldn't locate it. Hoping to find the source of the noise, I ran a lighted wax taper along the side of the wall; when I reached a point about three feet from the window I found it as a volume of flame belched forth almost to the opposite side of the room. I seized a pillow, and called to my wife for a cork.

"Take it away for the love of heaven!" I yelled, as she handed me a cork, holding in her other hand a bottle. "It's gasoline!"

She gave a piercing shriek, and threw the bottle and cork out into the hall. After knocking over several things in the medicine chest she gave me a rubber stopper. I drove it into the aperture of a gas pipe from which the bracket had been purloined by the Sparrows, and which they had plugged with wax. The pillow, in the meantime had caught fire, and while I was trying to smother it my wife screamed again, and this awake Henry Jr., who joined in the melee; this brought down my wife's uncle, whom we didn't see until I lighted the gas, although he had announced himself by a sneeze.

Finally I got things quieted. I didn't notice until the next morning how badly I had been burned. It was after dawn when I was awakened. "James! get up, quick!" called my wife. "The room is filled with smoke—the house is on fire!"

Almost suffocated, I jumped out of bed, threw open windows, and groped my way to the kitchen stairs. "Phyllis!" I yelled at the top of my voice; "is there a fire down there?" "No, sah," yelled back the cook; "dar ain't no flah; I wish dar war, but it's all smoke. Drat de ole stobe! It won't draw. An' Mars Jeems, dar's a man heah w'ile go, an' he done turn de watah off in de alley, kase he say de watah rint ain't paid, an' how 'is ter git breakfus wifout no flah an' no watah, de good Lord, He only know."

We hurriedly dressed, while Henry Jr., having awakened, entered into the spirit of the affair, and seemed to enjoy it, for he persisted in kicking his heels up into the air and throwing off his covering. We tied him fast in his cradle, and then ran down to the kitchen, where we found Phyllis in tears.

"It are only de smoke, Miss Altee," explained the cook, drawing her sleeve across her eyes, while my wife, the picture of misery, was genuinely crying.

"There are draughts all over this house," she said, shivering as she drew her shawl around her.

"Dar ain't no draughts in dis heah ole stobe, Miss Altee, 'deed dar ain't," said Phyllis, fanning the grate with her apron.

"Never mind the grate, Phyllis," said my wife, "but make a fire at once in the parlor. The little precious upstairs will take his death of cold." And she went up to Henry Jr., leaving me gazing dejectedly through a broken window out on the rain-soaked, ash-covered landscape of the Sparrows' back yard.

I was brought back to myself by my wife calling me to come up and unrope Henry Jr., who was strenuously objecting to his bondage. Just as I had freed him, there came from below an awful crash.

"Bress mah soul!" wailed Phyllis from the parlor, "if de whole front winder of de parlah stobe ain't done fall out."

I ran down again, followed by my wife with Henry in her arms.

"This is the last straw," I muttered, looking on our new parlor carpet, ruined forever.

"Where are you going, James?" said my wife, as I was getting into my rain coat.

"I'm going, my dear," I replied, "to call, as early as it is, upon that Sparrow of yours, and twist its neck."

"I beg of you—I implore you not to go, James. Miss Sparrow will attend to everything, I am sure; besides, poor Miss Amy is going to be married only next month, and—"

Before she had time to finish her uncle entered and startled us with a double sneeze.

"Oh, Uncle Henry!" cried my wife, in great distress, "I knew you would take cold last night. You must let me get you something. I'm sure you must feel very bad; I will—"

"You may make yourself easy on that point, madam," he broke in. "But before I leave this house of conspirators I want to advise you to place that child in an asylum where he will be properly cared for; while you, madam,



"TAKE THE GOLD CURE!" HE SHOUTED.

should be confined in some sanitarium. And as for you, sir," he shouted, shaking his umbrella in my face, "take the gold cure—the pledge would do you no good, you'd only break it. Take the gold cure! the gold cure! the gold cure!" He slammed the front door after him, and shuffled down the street.

While conning these things, Phyllis came in with her scuttle for a last load. She told us she had found an oil stove with enough oil in it to cook breakfast. She hesitated as she added that she had borrowed some water from our neighbor next door, who remarked that we had begun the borrowing plan rather early for so short an acquaintance. We commended our cook's enterprise and told her to do the best she could. And for the next ten minutes we heard her in terms forcible, if not polite, pay her respects to the stove.

Breakfast was not a success. The coffee was cold, and the chops were garnished with coal oil, the flavor of which lingered with me for hours. Directly after breakfast I called on the Sparrows, who, while making my complaints, did nothing but flutter and chirp. The elder bird said she couldn't afford to spend a cent at that time on repairs.

I notified her that we would vacate the house within three days.

She fluttered and chirped excitedly as they followed me to the door, and I thought I heard the betrothed Sparrow say something about damages, though it may have been nothing more than an inoffensive twitter.

After calling on my old agent, I turned my steps toward our "new home," where I met the stove man who was, for the moment, leaving. He told me that he had fixed the parlor stove, but could do nothing with the kitchen range; that during the summer months the sparrows must have built their nests in the chimney I told him that I hadn't the slightest doubt about it.

My wife was anxiously awaiting my return. I told her of my highly satisfactory visit to our old landlord.

"Poor Miss Amy!" moaned my wife. "Oh, oh! you poor, disinherited, defrauded little darling," she added, burying her face in Henry Jr.'s neck.

On the evening of the third day following we were back in our old home.

Last year there were 39,211,909 of matches sold in France, bringing into that nation's treasury \$5,216,950, this being a state monopoly.

THE LAXATIVE OF KNOWN QUALITY. There are two classes of remedies; those of known quality and which are permanently beneficial in effect, acting gently, in harmony with nature, when nature needs assistance; and another class, composed of preparations of unknown, uncertain and inferior character, acting temporarily, but injuriously, as a result of forcing the natural functions unnecessarily. One of the most exceptional of the remedies of known quality and excellence is the ever pleasant Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., which represents the active principles of plants, known to act most beneficially, in a pleasant syrup, in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to contribute their rich, yet delicate, fruity flavor. It is the remedy of all remedies to sweeten and refresh and cleanse the system gently and naturally, and to assist one in overcoming constipation and the many ills resulting therefrom. Its active principles and quality are known to physicians generally, and the remedy has therefore met with their approval, as well as with the favor of many millions of well informed persons who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual experience that it is a most excellent laxative remedy. We do not claim that it will cure all manner of ills, but recommend it for what it really represents, a laxative remedy of known quality and excellence, containing nothing of an objectionable or injurious character. There are two classes of purchasers; those who are informed as to the quality of what they buy and the reasons for the excellence of articles of exceptional merit, and who do not lack courage to go elsewhere when a dealer offers an imitation of any well known article; but, unfortunately, there are some people who do not know, and who allow themselves to be imposed upon. They cannot expect its beneficial effects if they do not get the genuine remedy. To the credit of the druggists of the United States be it said that nearly all of them value their reputation for professional integrity and the good will of their customers too highly to offer imitations of the

Genuine—Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., and in order to buy the genuine article and to get its beneficial effects, one has only to note, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package. Price, 50c. per bottle. One size only.

SAID BY THE SAGES. Lack of desire is the greatest of riches.—Seneca. Ten noes are better than one lie.—From the Danish. Deeds are fruits, words are leaves.—From the French. An old bachelor is only the half of a pair of scissors.—Franklin. Avarice and fidelity cannot dwell together in the same house.—Grimm. A virtuous woman commands her husband by obeying him.—Publius Syrus. Whoever undertakes a task cannot repudiate the responsibility.—Chinese Maxim. Who dangles after the great is the last at table and the first to be cuffed.—From the Italian. No man can escape the vitiating effect of an offense against his own conscience.—George Eliot. The path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote. The work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. CORES RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE. Beware of cheap imitations. The public may rely on this name. Sold only in packages.

CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM. An eminent physician says—that rheumatism is the direct result of improper eating and may be absolutely cured by leaving out your dietary animal foods of all kinds and living on cereals, fruits, nuts and vegetables. A diet consisting of milk and cereal foods will cure the most acute form of Rheumatism, while those who live mainly on animal foods, cannot escape it. DR. PRICE'S WHEAT FLAKE CELERY FOOD. Is rich in potassium and sodium which are the essentials of the diet of persons with Rheumatic dispositions. The whole wheat berry being used, the food becomes a regulator of the bowels, while the celery acts as a nerve tonic. Palatable—Nutritious—Easy of Digestion and Ready to Eat Can be served hot. Put in a hot oven for a few minutes; or cook in boiling milk to a mush. 10c a package. For Sale by Grocers My Signature on every package Dr. J. C. Price. LOW RATES TO COLORADO VIA GRAND ISLAND ROUTE. Account Annual Meeting, Benefactor and Protective Order of Elks, at Denver, the Joseph & Grand Island Railway will sell on July 10-15, inclusive, round-trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo at exceedingly low rates. Tickets good to return until August 31. For further information call on nearest agent of address. S. M. ADSIT, G. P. A., St. Joseph, Mo. THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and some. One 50c. box lasts the entire season. Harmless to persons, Cattle, and will not soil or injure anything. Try one now and you will never be without them. 25c. per box. Sold by all dealers. For 50c. send for 100c. box. HARDY BROS., 127 N. 4th Ave., Minneapolis, A. C. 60 Bus. Winter Wheat Per Acre That's the yield of Baker's Red Cross Hybrid Winter Wheat. Send in stamps for free sample of same, as also catalogue of Winter Wheat, Rice, Barley, Oats, Timothy, Grasses, Buds, Trees, etc. for fall planting. S. A. ZIEGLER CO., Box 7, W. L. Cross, Wis. W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 28, 1906.